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A N
E P I S T L E
T O

C. C H U R C H I L L,

AUTHOR of the *ROSCIAD*.

Telumque imbellis sine ictu
Conjecit.

V I R G.

By R. LLOYD, M. A.



L O N D O N :

Printed for WILLIAM FLEXNEY, near *Grays-Inn Gate, Holborn.*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

AS in Parts of the following Poem there is an Allusion to a late *delicate* Production, it may not be improper to let the Reader into some Secrets concerning its Origin, that He may know the Progress of Wit, and how dangerous it is for young Adventurers to attack *Veterans* in the Service, and teach them to pay a due Deference to all *distinguish'd Writers*. An Author possessed of those happy Qualities which appear so *notoriously* in that Publication, *viz.* MODESTY, DECENCY, and GOOD NATURE, has an indisputable Right to be believed upon his *own* Assertion; and therefore it would be illiberal to doubt, but that he is, as he ought to be, DISTINGUISHED. This Ode then was *perform'd* by the *Maker*, as a Coffin to hold the dead Bodies of those unfortunate Heroes slain by his redoubtable Pen. A Gentleman it seems
unhap-

unhappily differ'd in Opinion with our Champion, and express'd his Sentiments in a Paper call'd the *Craftsman*. Out-fallies the vindictive Knight (I should say Squire) to use his own Language, *does him*, flaps him into the Coffin, where he laid quietly for some Months, till a second *Paroxysm* of Indignation, produced a second Murder, and the former Body was obliged to give Place to the latter. The Coffin is nailed down, the Plate alter'd, and the brazen Inscription informs us C. CHURCHILL died the 12th of *June* 1761.

HAPPY is the Man that is always prepared for his Enemy, and has "his NAIADS by him *ready made*." It must be allowed that this Gentleman has made huge Strides towards Parnassus, and hath strangely walk'd over all our Heads. I wish him Joy of having exalted himself to the Pinnacle of this aery Mountain, but beg Leave to remind him, that People sometimes

tolluntur in altum
Ut lapsu graviore cadant.



AN EPISTLE to C. CHURCHILL.



F at a Tavern, where you'd wish to dine,
They cheat your Palate with adulterate Wine,
Would you, resolve me Critics, for you can,
Send for the Master up, or chide the Man.

The Man no doubt a knavish Business drives,
But tell me what's the Master who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and sure the Doctrine's true,
Which says, no Quarter to a foul Review.
It matters not who vends the nauseous fop,
Master or Prentice; we detest the Shop.

CRITICS of old, a manly liberal Race,
Approv'd or censur'd with an open Face:
Boldly persu'd the free decisive Task,
Nor stabb'd, conceal'd beneath a Russian's Mask.

To Works not Men, with honest Warmth severe,
 Th'impartial Judges laugh'd at Hope or Fear :
 Theirs was the noble Skill, with gen'rous Aim,
 To fan true Genius to an active Flame ;
 To bring forth Merit in its strongest Light,
 Or damn the Blockhead to his native Night.

BUT, as all States are subject to Decay;
 The State of Letters too will melt away.
 Smit with the Harlot Charms of trilling Sound,
 Softness now wantons e'en on *Roman* Ground;
 Where *Thebans*, *Spartans*, fought their honour'd Graves,
 Behold a weak enervate Race of Slaves.
 In Classic Lore, deep Science, Language dead;
 Tho' modern Witlings are but scanty read,
 Professors * fail not, who will loudly bawl
 In Praise of either, with the Want of all.
 Hail'd mighty Critics to this present Hour.
 —The Tribune's Name surviv'd the Tribune's Pow'r.

Now

* The Author takes this Opportunity, notwithstanding all Insinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular Aim at a Gentleman, whose Abilities he sufficiently acknowledges.

Now Quack and Critic differ but in Name,
 Empirics frontless both, they mean the same ;
 This raw in Physic, that in Letters fresh,
 Both spring like Warts, Excrescence from the Flesh.
 Half form'd, half bred in Printers' hireling Schools,
 For all Professions have their Rogues and Fools,
 Tho' the pert Witling, or the coward Knave;
 Casts no Reflection on the Wise or Brave.

YET in these leaden Times, this idle Age,
 When blind with Dulness, or as blind with Rage,
 Author 'gainst Author rails with Venom curst,
 And happy He who calls out Blockhead first,
 From the low Earth aspiring Genius springs,
 And sails triumphant, born on Eagle Wings.
 No toothless Spleen, no venom'd Critic's aim,
 Shall rob thee, CHURCHILL, of thy proper Fame ;
 While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous Rime,
 Fool lives, and shines out Fool to latest Time.

PITY perhaps might with a harmless Fool,
 To scape the Observance of the Critic School ;

But

But if low Malice leagu'd with Folly rise,
 Arm'd with Invectives, and hedg'd round with Lies;
 Should wakeful Dulness, if she ever wake,
 Write sleepy Nonsense but for Writing Sake,
 And stung with Rage, and piously severe,
 Wish bitter Comforts to your dying Ear;
 If some small Wit, some fix-lin'd Verselman, rakes
 For quaint Reflections in the putrid Jakes,
 Talents usurp'd, demand a Censor's Rage,
 A Dunce is Dunce proscrib'd in ev'ry Age.

COURTIER, Physician, Lawyer, Parson, Cit,
 All, all are Objects of Theatric Wit.
 Are ye then, Actors, priviledg'd alone
 To make that Weapon Ridicule your own?
 Professions bleed not from his just Attack,
 Who laughs at Pedant, Coxcomb, Knave, or Quack;
 Fools on and off the Stage are Fools the same,
 And every Dunce is Satire's lawful Game.
 Freely you thought, where Thought has free'st Room,
 Why then apologize? for what? to whom?

THOUGH *Grays-Inn* Wits with Author *Squire's* unite,
 And self-made Giants club their labour'd Mite,
 Though pointleſs Satire make its weak Eſcape
 In the dull Babble of a mimic Ape,
 Boldly perſue where Genius points the Way,
 Nor heed what monthly puny Critics ſay.
 Firm in thyſelf with calm Indifference ſmile,
 When the wiſe *Vet'ran* knows you by your Stile,
 With critic Scales weighs out the partial Wit,
 What I, or You, or He, or no one writ;
 Denying thee thy juſt and proper Worth,
 But to give Falſhood's ſpurious Iſſue Birth;
 And all ſelf-will'd with lawleſs Hand to raiſe
 Malicious Slander on the Baſe of Praise.

DISGRACE eternal wait the Wretch's Name
 Who lives on Credit of a borrow'd Fame;
 Who wears the Trappings of another's Wit,
 Or fathers Bantlings which he cou'd not get.
 But ſhrewd Suſpicion with her ſquinting Eye
 To Truth declar'd, prefers a whiſper'd Lye.

With greedy Mind the proffer'd Tale believes,
 Relates her Wishes, and with Joy deceives.

THE World, a pompous Name, by Custom due
 To the small Circle of a talking few,
 With heart-felt Glee th' injurious Tale repeats,
 And sends the Whisper buzzing through the Streets.
 The Prude demure with sober faint-like Air,
 Pities her Neighbour for she's wondrous fair.
 And, when Temptations lie before our Feet,
 Beauty is frail, and Females indiscreet.
 She hopes the Nymph will every Danger shun,
 Yet prays devoutly — that the Deed were done.
 Mean Time sits watching for the daily Lie,
 As Spiders lurk to catch a simple Fly.

YET is not Scandal to one Sex confin'd,
 Though Men would fix it on the weaker Kind.
 Yes, this great Lord, Creation's Master Man,
 Will vent his Malice where the Blockhead can,
 Imputing Crimes, of which e'en Thought is free,
 For Instance now, your ROSCIAD all to me.

IF partial Friendship in thy sterling Lays
 Grows all too wanton in another's Praise,
 Critics who judge by Ways themselves have known,
 Shall swear the Praise, the Poem is my own ;
 For 'tis the Method in these learned Days
 For Wits to scribble first, and after praise.
 Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched Stuff,
 And help out Nonsense by a monthly Puff,
 Exalt to Giant's Forms weak puny Elves,
 And decant sweetly on their own dear selves ;
 For Works per Month by Learning's Midwives paid,
 Demand a Puffing in the Way of Trade.

RESERV'D and cautious with no partial Aim,
 My Muse e'er fought to blast another's Fame.
 With willing Hand cou'd twine a Rival's Bays,
 From Candour silent where she cou'd not praise.
 But if vile Rancour, from (no Matter who)
 Actor, or Mimic, Printer, or Review,
 Lies oft o'erthrown with ceaseless Venom spread,
 Still hiss out Scandal from their Hydra Head,

If the dull Malice boldly walk the Town,
 Patience herself wou'd wrinkle to a Frown.
 Come then with Justice draw the ready Pen,
 Give me the Works, I wou'd not know the Men.
 All in their Turns might make Reprisals too,
 Had all the Patience but to read them through.
 Come, to the utmost, probe the desperate Wound,
 Nor spare the Knife where'er Infection's found.

BUT Prudence, CHURCHILL, or her Sister Fear,
 Whispers Forbearance to my fright'ned Ear.
 Oh! then with me forsake the thorny Road,
 Left we should flounder in some *Fleet-Ditch* Ode,
 And funk for ever in the lazy Flood,
 Weep with the NAIADS heavy Drops of Mud.

HAIL mighty Ode! which like a Picture Frame,
 Hold any Portrait, and with any Name;
 Or like your Nitches planted thick and thin,
 Will serve to cram the Random Hero in.

HAIL

HAIL mighty Bard too — whatsoe'er thy Name,
 ——— or DURFY, for it's all the same.
 To Brother Bards shall equal Praise belong,
 For Wit, for Genius, Comedy and Song.
 No coſtly Muſe is thine, which freely rakes
 With eaſe familiar in the well known Jakes,
 Happy in Skill to ſouſe through foul and fair,
 And toſs the Dung out with a *lordly* Air.
 So have I ſeen amidſt the grinning Throng
 The Sledge Proceſſion ſlowly dragg'd along,
 Where the mock Female Shrew and hen-peck'd Male
 Scoop'd rich Contents from either copious Pail,
 Call'd Burſts of Laughter from the roaring Rout,
 And daſh'd and ſplafh'd the filthy Grains about.

QUIT then, my Friend, the Muſes lov'd Abode,
 Alas! they lead not to Preferment's Road,
 Be ſolemn, ſad, put on the prieſtly Frown,
 Be dull, 'tis ſacred, and becomes the Gown.
 Leave Wit to others, do a Chriſtian Deed,
 Your Foes ſhall thank you, for they know their Need.

BROAD is the Path by Learning's Sons possess'd
 A thousand modern Wits might walk abreast,
 Did not each Poet mourn his luckless Doom
 Jostled by Pedants out of Elbow Room.
 I, who nor court their Love, nor fear their Hate,
 Must mourn in Silence o'er the Muses Fate.
 No Right of Common now on *Pindus*' Hill,
 While all our Tenures are by Critics Will.
 Where, watchful Guardians of the Lady Muse,
 Dwell monstrous Giants, dreadful tall REVIEWS,
 Who, as we read in fam'd Romance of Yore,
 Sound but a Horn press forward to the Door.
 But let some Chief, some bold advent'rous Knight,
 Provoke these Champions to an equal Fight,
 Strait into Air to spaceless nothing fall
 The Castle, Lions, Giants, Dwarf and all.

ILL it befits with undiscerning Rage
 To censure *Giants* in this polish'd Age.
 No lack of Genius stains these happy Times,
 No Want of Learning, and no Dearth of Rimes.

The

The fee-faw Muse that flows by *measur'd* Laws,
 In tuneful Numbers, and affected Pause,
 With Sound alone, Sound's happy Virtue fraught,
 Which hates the Trouble, and Expence of Thought,
 Once, every Moon, throughout the circling Year
 With Even Cadence charms the critic Ear.
 While, dire Promoter of Poetic Sin,
 A *Magazine* must hand the Lady in.

How *Moderns* write, how nervous, strong and well,
 The ANTI-ROSCIAD's decent Muse *does* tell.
 Which, while she strives to cleanse each Actor hurt,
 Daubs with her Praise, and rubs him into Dirt.

SURE never yet was happy Æra known
 So gay, so wise, so *tasteful* as our own.
 Our curious Histories rise at once COMPLETE,
 Yet still *continued*, as they're paid, per Sheet.

SEE every Science which the World wou'd know,
 Your Magazines shall every Month bestow,

Whole

Whose very Titles fill the Mind with Awe,
Imperial, Christian, Royal, British, Law ;
 Their rich Contents will every Reader fit,
Statesman, Divine, Philosopher and Wit ;
 Compendious Schemes! which teach all Things at once,
 And make a pedant Coxcomb of a Dunce.

BUT let not Anger to such Frenzy grow,
 Drawcanfir like, to strike down Friend and Foe.
 To real Worth be Homage duly paid,
 But no Allowance to the paltry Trade.
 My Friends I name not (though I boast a few,
 To Me an Honour and to Letters too)
 Fain would I praise, but when such *Things* oppose
My Praise of Course must make them ———'s Foes.

IF manly JOHNSON, with satyric Rage,
 Lash the dull Follies of a trifling Age,
 If his strong Muse with genuine Strength aspire,
 Glows not the Reader with the Poet's Fire?
 HIS the true Fire, where creep the witling Fry
 To warm themselves, and light their Rushlights by.

WHAT Muse like GRAY's shall pleasing pensive flow
 Attemper'd sweetly to the rustic Woe?
 Or who like him shall sweep the Theban Lyre,
 And, as his Master, pour forth Thoughts of Fire?

E'EN now to guard afflicted Learning's Cause,
 To judge by Reason's Rules, and Nature's Laws,
 Boast we true Critics in their proper Right,
 While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taste unite.

HAIL sacred Names—Oh arm'd with honest Rage,
 Save your lov'd Mistress from a Ruffian's Rage;
 See how she gasps and struggles hard for Life,
 Her Wounds all bleeding from the Butcher's Knife:
 Critics, like Surgeons, blest with curious Art,
 Shou'd mark each Passage to the human Heart,
 But not unskilful, yet with lordly Air
 Read Surgeon's Lectures while they scalp and tear.

To Names like these, I pay the hearty Vow,
 Proud of their Worth, and not ashamed to bow.

E

To

To these inscribe my rude, but honest Lays,
And feel the Pleasures of my conscious Praise.
Not that I mean to court each letter'd Name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected Fame,
But that the Muse which owns no servile Fear,
Is proud to pay her willing Tribute here.

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